

SEPTEMBER 1, 1977

President Carter wants to grant amnesty to illegal aliens residing in -the United States.

You've been reading about it, I'm sure.

Border jumpers from Mexico are giving the President full support. Border Patrolmen caught something like 50,000 unpapered aliens in a few weeks after the proposal was announced. Unemployment over there is running more than 40 percent. Mr. Carter should have a huge following, once winter forces the wetback to the north.

As bas as we need Mexican cowboys in the Shortgrass Country, I am going to oppose a blanket pardon for the sandal walkers. My policy is going to be selective. For example, the wet from Jalisco who spooked a string of calves we were penning last fall might as well forget a reprieve by this outfit. The same goes for the fellow from Sabinas that cinch-sored a good sorrel horse of the ranch's during the same week. Mr. Carter must have had better luck around his peanut business. I sure don't think Billy and he would be going around pardoning hombres that spilled peanuts all over the warehouse floor of ruined a saddle horse worth \$500.

One of my step dad's ex-cowboys is another one that needs judgment withheld. He's a hard case to say whether he should be forgiven for being a Mexican or not.

You see, on some days, he can build half a mile of fence on the way to fix a windmill. His difficulty is that about every six months, somebody makes him get on a big drunk.

In June, the somebody was so overpowering that the old fellow wrecked my stepdad's new pickup trying to flee from the evil influence. The somebody must have been hot after him as the sheriff said later on that he must have been going 90 miles and hour when he rolled the truck.

Anyhow, my step dad probably won't pardon him regardless of what Mr. Carter does, so we can forget that case. I do feel that the old boys who made him drink the beer should be deported. They must have been plenty tough hombres to hold Luis down.

Roaming the country are 200 or 300 more unpapered aliens that don't deserve to be forgiven. It'd take a mighty long list to cover the fellows that left horses saddled overnight in a corral or rode sore back horses the next morning.

Naturally, the President isn't going to listen. He won't feel so charitable once Billy writes him about an hombre burning up a tractor. Next thing we know we'll have a new group of voters that can't read English or Spanish.